

## MEN WHO WILL FORM MCKINLEY'S OFFICIAL FAMILY.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

JOHN SHERMAN,  
Secretary of State.JAMES F. WILSON,  
Secretary of Agriculture.LYMAN GAGE,  
Secretary of the Treasury.JOHN D. LONG,  
Attorney-General.NEW CABINET IN  
BLACK AND WHITE.Physical and Mental Peculiarities of  
President-Elect McKinley's  
Official Family.Six-Footers and Millionaires Are Plentiful---Gage  
Is Non Persona Grata to the  
Old Republicans.Alger Is Rich, Long from Boston, McKenna Friendly to  
Bankers, Goff Not Startling and Wilson  
Thinks He Is a Farmer.

Alfred Henry Lewis.

Washington, Jan. 29.—McKinley, in his Cabinet construction, would seem to have a weakness for tall timber. Napoleon, whom the Canton man is so fond of resembling, surrounded himself with big physical men. McKinley would appear to follow Napoleon in this.

Sherman's story has been set forth in these columns before. We all heard how he was seventy-four years of age, began life a poor boy, and how, by frugal, red-squirrel trick to lay up and hoard, he had in the past half century, on a salary of \$5,000 a year, saved up the warm sum of \$5,000,000. Sherman will be Secretary of State. Sherman is foreordained, he is a distinct case of "must." Mark Hanna needs Sherman's seat in the Senate, and that, in the equation of present politics, is equivalent to the country needing Sherman at the head of the State Department.

**Years of No Account Now.**  
Fellow Senators are cavilling softly, yet seriously, at the Sherman selection. They argue that he is of much and many years, and that his "memory duffers, not to say fades, a trifle at times." They fear, those brother Senators, that Sherman may some day, at a crisis, overlook some diplomatic bet, and the country get up loser therefor and therefrom. This may be true. But it will not serve to keep Sherman out of the Cabinet. Hanna must be Senator, and already those in control as ringmasters for the McKinley circus show that memory, strength of mind and steady consistency in a course, once adopted, are mere details and of inferior moment in the make-up of a premier. They will provide a couple of assistant secretaries to Sherman, who will bear the same relation to him that the motor man and the conductor sustain to a trolley car. It may be well; let all good people hope so.

Next to Sherman's, tall and slim and faded gray, McKinley will place Lyman Gage, of Chicago. Gage, also tall and gray, will make a good companion piece to Sherman. Gage, who is an engaging Mugwump and much relied on by Grover Cleveland heretofore for money hints, is to be Secretary of the Treasury.

Like Sherman, Gage is a many-times millionaire. McKinley would seem to have a warm May-day feeling for men with money. They come about him like bees about a honey hive. It is to be hoped no evil takes public root from this. Perhaps, after all, it is but the natural thing. McKinley was a peasant, a fisher boy, by these rich men

from the quicksands of the Walker bankruptcy and saved that I marvel not he has gained a notion that risk rock are in their way life saving stations, and he instinctively desires them to be sown thickly along the coast of his future. Cleveland, who used to be as poor and hopeful as McKinley, had the same superstitions.

**Old Republicans Angry.**  
Gage is not so old as Sherman and numbers but sixty years. He is a native New Yorker, and began life dollarless and mounted to his millions by that ladder whereof the rings are 10 per cent. His appointment is being cursed at and reviled in secret by old line Republicans. They call Gage a Democrat, point to his vote for Grover Cleveland, explain that he has been thick as thieves with that unworthy during the past four years and wind up their bitterness by saying that Gage is to be the "Gresham" of the coming Cabinet.

Gage undoubtedly owes his portfolio when he gets it to Kohlstaet. Our earnest little man of ovens and editorials, of pies and paragraphs, must do somewhat to be saved. Times are dull and trade is bitter bad in Chicago. Not alone the poor, but many of the "rich" are suffering in Chicago. Under certain blistering and blizzardish conditions Kohlstaet looks to Gage. Kohlstaet has much. He has papers, he has pies, he has hopes, but also he has no bank. And even as the sick kitten leanness up to a hot brick, so does Kohlstaet yearn over a bank.

**Eyes on Gage's Umbrella.**  
And so he loves Gage, who has nothing but thanks. And so Kohlstaet prevails on McKinley to select Gage to be the nation's purse bearer. Then it will befall on some day to come, when it rains in trade and there is a business downpour in Chicago, Kohlstaet will go to Gage and borrow an umbrella. "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" is a motto much hugged up to in Chicago. And both Gage and Kohlstaet know it by heart. Gage is to be Secretary of the Treasury, and this gives joy and glee to Editor Kohlstaet, who files into his paper and tells of it with much chic, nerve, elan, éclat, not to say aplomb. It is all excellent.

Following these two six-footers—Sherman and Gage—McKinley confers on his intimates "the wary bunch" that his notion of a War Secretary is Russell A. Alger. Alger, like Gage, is sixty years old. He was born in Ohio, in the town of Medina. His childhood was poor. Like Sherman

and Gage, as a boy he didn't have enough money to flag a bread wagon. But also he is said to be like them—he has corrected all this poverty. He has amassed millions. These millions Alger achieved in Michigan pine lands. He plunged into the lumber business on the heels of the war, without a dollar, and emerged with a bundle of money big enough to choke a cow.

**Not Liked by Sheridan.**

Alger, in his boyhood, worked for his board and went to a country school. At last, in 1859, he was admitted to practise law, and organized to that end in Cleveland, Mark Hanna's town. But fate took Alger out of Ohio and the law business. He got into Grand Rapids, and was beginning to see the beauties of the lumber business when the war descended on the country like a storm. Alger went forth to battle in a regiment of Michigan cavalry. He went forth a captain and became a colonel. Such, however, was his military caution and reserve as a soldier that Sheridan—who was a headlong character himself—didn't like Alger. Sheridan complained that Alger was too modest, too reticent for a man of battlefield, and went about carnage and bloodshed with too slow and thoughtful a step. I don't know the details, but Alger got out of the army, and I have never found anybody who thought the war lasted any longer because Alger quit.

Alger has not only been among the pines and waxed rich, but he has cavorted about in politics. Michigan is a strong State, a good and wise State, but Michigan, like men, has her moments of carelessness. There are days when Michigan is off her guard, and doesn't care what she does. It was on one of these occasions when Alger was made Governor.

**Chasing a Nomination.**

Following the State House, Alger panted for the Presidency. And Alger pursued the Presidency. With such ardor and abandon did Alger chase a nomination in '88 one could hear his deep and painful breathing all over the country. In fact, now one comes to think of it, both Sherman and Alger looked for a nomination in '88. And if my memory doesn't fail me, Sherman accused Alger of buying up those colored delegates that Sherman had already bought.

Brice once defined an honest man to be "a man who will stay honest." Sherman said his colored cohorts were honest enough, or would have been if Alger hadn't come around and tempted them. It made a hot feud between Sherman and Alger, this hunting down of the colored delegate of Sherman. It gave rise to a story. They tell how a Harrison man went into the Palmer House and found a little knot of colored delegates standing near the elevator. They were waiting. The Convention was to begin that very day, and their voice was to be heard in the choice of a standard-bearer.

"Who are you delegates for?" asked the Harrison man of the Congo chief. "Well, sah," he cautiously, but frankly, replied, "two of us is fo' Sherman, one is fo' Alger, and seven is fo' sale." And they made a dicker right there.

**McKenna May Retire.**

This old vendetta still hangs like a cloud between Sherman and Alger. McKinley may yet have to referee a Marquis of Queensberry conversation over old times, not to say old scores, between these two eminent politicians. And so they tell how General John D. Long is to be Attorney-General. There will not be much for Long to do. About all of the public land has already been given to the railroads. But there are still some 200,000 acres. He can drive them about and stampede them, and perhaps keep himself busy at it.

Long is a down-east Yankee. He was born at Buckfield, Me., October 27, 1835. Long was a Harvard man of the vintage of 1857. And he was also later a Boston lawyer. Long has been a Bay State Governor, and was in the Massachusetts Legislature, and wore out gables as the Speaker of the House of Representatives of that State.

**Boston a Bad Sign.**

No famous legislation is linked to the name of Long. It is some encouragement, however, to find that no infamous legislation has been linked to it. Long was also in the National Congress. He will come to the Cabinet from Boston. So did Olney. Boston is a bad sign, and has been for some time.

Long is short, thick-set and florid. He is smooth, sly as a mackerel—what Chuck Connors would term "floss." His habits are orderly and precise; there is no slouchiness of method to Long. He is pleasant to meet, and has the genius of urbanity. It remains to be seen whether he will have stamina enough to say "no" to a railroad or a trust who wants to invade some public right. If he has Long will be a wonder in the Department of Justice. It is almost needless to add that Long is a millionaire. The coming Administration is as likely to

show a case of "standing room only" to a poor man as the Cleveland regime going out.

**McKenna Not So Old.**

As to Joseph McKenna, slated for Secretary of the Interior, I cannot say much. The pleasure and the breathless honor of his notice has been denied me. Those who have met Mr. McKenna declare him to be a man wise, firm, and just. This may be; but his name sounds to nervous ears a trifle like the enemy. McKenna, by birth at least, is a Quaker, and was born in the drab and broad-brimmed town of Philadelphia, which has given us such names as William Penn, Ben Franklin and Dave Martin.

McKenna is not so wondrous old. It was in 1843 that McKenna joined his father's family circle, which makes the coming Interior Department Secretary fifty-four years of age. The elder McKenna went to California in 1855 and took the new Cabinet seat with him. They settled at Benicia and engaged the acquaintance of John C. Heenan and other leading citizens. The elder McKenna was a great friend of Broderick, who was long ago killed off by Terry on a smoky California occasion at ten paces.

McKenna is a lawyer, like Sherman, Alger and Long. And he has vast respect for bankers like Gage. It is apprehended, therefore, that McKenna will get along with all of these gentlemen. McKenna has held diverse offices, such as District Attorney, member of the Legislature and Member of Congress. As a member of the National Congress McKenna cut ice, but never in great quantities, and excited no advertisement as a statesman. Physically McKenna is tall and spare and flag-staff, like Sherman.

**Goff Is Not Startling.**

Nathan Goff, of whom they talk for Postmaster-General, is a Republican of indifferent fame. He is good but not startling as a proposition in Cabinet making. He was born in what is now West Virginia in 1842. Goff got into the volunteer army, and during the civil war fought fought and bled obscurely on the Union side. Sheridan, however, made no complaint that Goff was in a trance, as he did of Alger. After the war Goff went to his books again. He was graduated from the University of New York and became a lawyer.

Then Goff broke into the West Virginia Legislature. He has run for sundry offices, such as the Governorship, but they were too swift and elusive for him and he didn't get them. Before Elkins invaded West Virginia with his money and gain will Goff was the king-pin Republican of that Commonwealth. Other Republicans had to come to Goff for orders, and he lived a proud life full of what one might call political hauteur. Goff put on style and said "No," and he settled things. If Goff didn't like a Republican fellow-worm, that hated one couldn't get near enough to Goff to hand him a ripe peach. He wouldn't let his foes in the party come to the table at all. They were made to stand at the back door of West Virginia Republican affairs and wait until somebody shook a table cloth or scraped a plate. They might have the crumbs and fragments of the feast.

**Elkins Made a Change.**

But Elkins came along, and now things are changed. Goff roosts nearer the ground than he did. Those whom he aforetime disliked now crawl up to Elkins and rest in safety and peace. They find Elkins like unto the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. But Elkins consented to Goff going into the Cabinet. If he hadn't there would have been no Goff. As it is now he'll have the letter bags.

Goff is what they call an "able orator." Like Demosthenes and Cicero, of Pennsylvania, in his youth Goff practised talking at a mark until speaking became his specialty. In person Goff is large, handsome and very impressive to himself. He, too, has a million. This Cabinet will have money to incinerate. One would expect that a poor man like McKinley might feel embarrassed among so many men who could buy and sell him, as the metaphor is.

**Agriculture His Hobby.**

Into the Agricultural Department we are told that McKinley will put that tried patriot, Wilson of Iowa. Wilson thinks he's a farmer, and reigns as professor of agriculture at the Agricultural College in the town of Ames, Iowa. He is road, burly and popular. The rustics love Wilson. Wilson has, like those who have gone before, a million dollars, and if he toils with a plough or goes pottering about a cornfield with a hoe, it's because he feels scientific, not because he has to do it. As a farmer, however, Wilson's strongest point is sitting on the front porch and reading an agricultural paper, while his hired man does a rough and tumble with the weeds.

Wilson is a Scotchman and was born at Ayreshire, in that far land of Haggis, Bobby Burns and smoked whiskey. He is sixty-two years old and came to this country forty-two years ago. He was in the

Hawkeye Legislature and held down the chair as Speaker of the House. He has also been a member of Congress and was ever noted for his ardent love of rural matters. Let but the farm come up for some law tinkering and Wilson was on his prompt feet, his voice ringing like the scream of a hen hawk. So the farmers came to look on Wilson as their friend as they will on anybody who will shout loud enough and long enough touching their wrongs, and it is this farmers' love for Wilson that sends McKinley hunting him up to-day for a Cabinet place.

There's McKinley's Cabinet, all but the Navy, which is left for New York to fill in. These seven men are all married, all millionaires. All have children, their own or foster off-spring. They all like society and it is joyously apprehended that when they do get here the whole outfit intend to socially unblock and make home howl.

This ends the harnessing and looking up of the national eight-mile team, which, with Sherman and Gage as wheelers, and with McKenna to drive and Hanna to give orders, is expected to do the national freighting for the four years next to come.

**ALGER WAR SECRETARY.**  
Took the President-Elect Just Fifty-five Minutes to Offer the Portfolio and to Have It Accepted.

Canton, O., Jan. 29.—President-elect McKinley poses to-day as a Cabinet record-breaker. General Alger assured the Journal correspondent this afternoon that until to-day he had no intimation from McKinley that he was desired in the Cabinet.

General Alger got into Canton at 1:08 o'clock this afternoon. Driving him to the McKinley home occupied twenty minutes. Greeting him and introducing him to the gentlemen in the library took fifteen more. Lunch was finished fifty minutes later. At 2:23 o'clock, therefore, Mr. McKinley and General Alger went upstairs to the office. At precisely 3:18 they came downstairs and General Alger announced his acceptance of the War portfolio. Time devoted to the Cabinet, fifty-five minutes.

It took Mark Hanna two years and cost him several thousands to make Mr. McKinley a President. But Mr. McKinley made a Secretary of War in fifty-five minutes, and the expense account included, but two items—lunch and cab hire.

**Not at Odds with Sherman.**  
General Alger told the Journal correspondent, too, that the Sherman-Alger hatchet is buried. There is a sermon to be preached on the spirit of forgiveness, and the text may be found in Senator Sherman's autobiography, written long after the heat of the Minneapolis convention had become only a smoldering memory, in which he expressed his belief that General Alger's friends bought the Southern votes that defeated the writer. General Alger said, too, the peace and a moderate tariff made by the Administration tallied with prosperity as the result. He would not talk about the arbitration treaty.

Edward Lantier came out here for the same purpose a bit ago. "Billy" Arkell, Judge's editor, was invited to lunch, and then Mr. McKinley turned to Mr. Lantier and said: "You will go to the hotel, I suppose," said he. "Well, good-by. I hope to see you in Washington."

**Alger Tells the News.**  
"I have been tendered and have accepted the War portfolio," was the manner in which General Russell A. Alger announced the news. He had just left the President-elect and had walked across the hall from the south parlor, where his conference with the States army, and who has been Major McKinley's confidential secretary, stepped up to him and said: "You are now chief, General Alger. Allow me to congratulate you as my superior officer." He saluted the General, who, thoroughly pleased, returned the salute to the first army officer to greet him. "Have you considered any of the appointments you will make, General?"

"I have given the subject no thought at all," he replied.

**Cuba Not Discussed.**  
"Do you believe the incoming Administration will recognize the Cuban patriots and give them assistance in their struggle with Spain?"

"I do not know," said General Alger. "The subject did not enter into the conference this afternoon."

"There was some talk some time ago about differences between yourself and Senator Sherman?"

"There is no friction whatever between us," was the reply, "and when Senator Burrows said that whatever differences which had existed between us had been patched up, he spoke the truth. Senator Sherman and myself are as good as friends, and I believe, will be in

ALDRIDGE TO BE  
THE NEW BOSS.May Succeed Platt as Republican Ruler in  
New York.

AN ALLIANCE WITH BLACK.

Chief Executive Aims to Be the  
Successor of Murphy in  
the Senate.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Unmistakable evidence was given to-day of the existence of an offensive and defensive political alliance between Governor Black and Superintendent of Public Works Aldridge. The object of this union is to advance the political interests of both men. Governor Black's immediate goal is the Senatorship to be made vacant by the expiration of Senator Murphy's term, two years hence, and Mr. Aldridge's ambition is to succeed Governor Black in the gubernatorial chair.

No stronger combination than this could be formed by any two politicians for the Governor's influence is certain to be potent in this State during his term and Mr. Aldridge, through the patronage at his disposal and his personal popularity with politicians, will be in an excellent position to build up his own machine.

**Aldridge to Succeed Platt.**  
This deal has been under way for several weeks, and its immediate result will be the assumption by Mr. Aldridge of the party's leadership when Mr. Platt goes to the United States Senate. In a limited circle this has been known, but only to-day were the politicians in general in a position to realize what was being going on. Through an authoritative source to-day it was learned that Governor Black had decided upon Superintendent Aldridge to take charge of the work of finishing the Capitol.

A delegation of the Republican Workingmen's Club of Albany called on the Governor to urge him to consent to an appropriation to continue the work on the Capitol by day labor. There is a bill pending in the Assembly providing for the appropriation of \$500,000 to continue the work by day labor. "Day labor" means that the Capitol Commission shall lay out the work, hire the men and superintend what they do. This system has caused delay and is costly expenditure.

**One Man to Superintend.**  
To the surprise of the delegation, Mr. Black replied that the Capitol Commission ought to be abolished. He said the Statutory Revision Commission was preparing a bill placing the entire work in charge of the Superintendent of Public Works. He said that the construction of the Capitol by right belonged to the Public Works Department, and that the bill he was having drafted gave the Superintendent of Public Works entire authority to let contracts for all of the work, thereby abolishing the day labor system.

**To Disburse \$1,000,000.**  
In round numbers \$1,000,000 will be required to finish the Capitol. The significance of the Governor giving the Superintendent of Public Works this extra patronage is unmistakable. By the day labor system the Governor could have much to do with the disbursement of this fund, and it is quite clear to even casual observers that a definite arrangement must have been entered into between the Governor and the Superintendent before the former would voluntarily strengthen the Superintendent's hands.

**Aldridge Has a Large Following.**  
Prior to the Republican State Convention last summer, Mr. Aldridge secured almost one-third of the entire delegation to the convention. The theory was that Mr. Platt was taking no part or interest in the matter. Mr. Fish, despite the influence of

the Speakership which he held for the two preceding years, was able to muster only a score of delegates, and the other candidates, with the exception of Colonel Baxter, were as far in the woods as Mr. Fish. Mr. Aldridge's delegation stood by him like a rock. Its members withstood the threats and cajoleries of the Platt lieutenants, who were anxious to nominate Mr. Odell, or preferably Mr. Platt himself. Mr. Aldridge told Mr. Platt that he would withdraw for no one except Mr. Platt. The opposition to Mr. Platt's nomination among his own lieutenants, however, that leader could not win self-respect, take the nomination.

Mr. Platt, to his surprise, found for the first time in years a follower who had sufficient strength to hold his delegation. He aided Mr. Black.

Mr. Aldridge finally threw his strength to Black, and Odell, Platt's choice, was howled over. Although bitterly disappointed at his own failure, Mr. Aldridge became an enthusiastic supporter of Black. The respect of each for the other has steadily grown.

The proposition is very simple. Mr. Aldridge is to be Mr. Platt's successor as the State leader of the Republican party. He will work in entire harmony with Mr. Platt. Two years hence he will make another canvass for the gubernatorial nomination. Having secured one-third of the delegates the last time, he feels pretty confident that with the Governor's assistance, he can secure two-thirds on the next occasion.

If the Legislature is Republican that year the present Governor will succeed Edward Murphy in the United States Senate.

**Black Wants to Be Senator.**  
It is well known in Albany that the Governor's ambition is to go to the Senate. He has frankly confessed to a score of friends that in his judgment a United States Senatorship from New York is a position of the highest dignity and one which he would prefer to all others.

In view of the statement that Mr. Lantier, back to the Governor's side, this development is extremely interesting. It may be stated that this new combination expects Mr. Lantier to confine his political management to New York County, and as the leader of the local organization, he will receive courteous treatment and high consideration.

The man with consumption used to be considered just as good as dead. His doctors condemned him to death just as surely as if he had been convicted of murder and must die on the scaffold at dawn.

All that has been changed. There is now no reason for the consumptive to despair. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. That is a startling statement, but a true one. Consumption is fed by impure blood. It is an accumulation of impurities in the lungs. If the blood is made pure and filled with the purifying properties of the "Discovery" there is nothing to replace the tuberculous matter that is coughed up and expectorated. Gradually the lungs become free and clear, the lung lining becomes sound and healthy, and the disease is conquered. Then begins the process of flesh building and soon the hollow cheeks are full, the step is firm and elastic, and health blooms in every feature and in every action.

"I was taken ill in February, 1892, with headache and pain in my back," writes H. Gaddis, Esq., of No. 313 S. J. Street, Tacoma, Wash. "I called in a doctor and he came three times. He said I was dying, but I kept putting away. I took a cough so that I could not sleep only by being propped in bed. My lungs hurt me, and I got so poor that I was not seen and heard. I thought I was going to die. One day I was looking in a little book of Dr. Pierce's and I saw where the 'Golden Medical Discovery' was recommended for a cough. I tried a bottle of it and it did me so much good that I tried another one and it made me sound and well, and I can recommend it to anybody. I have got my life."